A poore vnminded Outlaw ſneaking home,
My Father gaue him welcome to the ſhore:
And when he heard him ſweare and vow to God,
He came but to the Duke of *Lancaſter*,
To ſue his liuery and beg his peace,
With teares of innocency, and termes of zeale:
My father in kind heart and pitty mou'd;
Swore him aſſiſtance and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barons of the Realme
Perceiu'd *Northumberland* did leane to him,
The more and leſſe came in with cap and knee,
Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
Attend him on bridges, ſtood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their othes,
Gaue him their heires, as pages followed him,
Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes.
He preſently, as greatneſſe knowes it ſelfe,
Steps me a little higher then his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poore,
Vpon the naked ſhore at *Rauenſpurgh*,
And now forſooth takes on him to reforme
Some certaine edicts, and ſome ſtraight decrees
That lay too heauy on the common weaith,
Cries out vpon abuſes, ſeemes to weepe
Ouer his Countries wrongs, and by this face,
This ſeeming brow of Iuſtice, did he winne
The hearts of all that he did angle for;
Proceeded further, cut mee off the heads
Of all the fauourites that the abſent King
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was perſonall in the *Iriſh* warre.
Blunt. Tut, I came not to heare this.
Hot. Then to the poynt.
In ſhort time after, hee depos'd the King,
Soone after that, depriu'd him his life,
And in the necke of that, task't the whole State:
To make that worſe, ſuffered his kinſman March,
Who is, if euery owner were plac'd,

Indeede

Indeed his King, to bee ingag'd in *Wales*,
There without ranſome to lie forfeited,
Diſgrac'd me in my happy victories,
Sought to intrap mee by intelligence,
Rated my Vncle from the Councell boord,
In rage diſmiſde my father frow the Court,
Broke oth on oth, committed wrong on wrong,
And in concluſion, droue vs to ſeeke out
This head of ſafety, and withall to prie
Into his title, the which we finde
Too indirect for long continuance.
Blunt. Shall I returne this anſwere to the *King*
Hot. Not ſo, *Sir Walter.* Weele withdraw awhile
Goe to the King, and let there be impaund
Some ſurety for the ſafe returne againe,
And in the morning earely ſhall my Vncle
Bring him our purpoſe, and ſo farewell.
Blunt. I would you would accept of grace & loue
Hot. And 't may be, ſo we ſhall.
Blunt. Pray God you doe.

Enter Archbiſhop of Yorke, and ſir Michael.

Arch. Hy, good *Sir Michael*, beare this ſealed Brief
With winged haſte to the Lord *Marſhall*,
This to my couſin *Scroope*, and all the reſt
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they do import, you would make haſte
Sir Mi. My good Lord, I geſſe their tenor.
Arch. Like enough you doe,
To morrow, good *Sir Michael*, is a day
Wherein, the fortune of ten thouſand men
Muſt bide the touch: For *Sir*, at *Shrewsbury*,
As I am truely giuen to vnderſtand,
The King with mighty and quicke rayſed power
Meets with Lord *Harry*; and I feare, *Sir Michael*,
What with the ſickneſſe of *Northumberland*,
Whoſe power was in the firſt proportion;
And what *Owen Glendowers* abſence thence,
Who with them was rated firmely too,